

In the coach. He pressed her to his heart, and raised kisses on her eyes, mouth and cheeks.

"Oh, Charley, my boy, Charley, dear," she moaned. But the fortitude of weeks of suffering had steeled her for this occasion. She did not cry. The guards clamped the handcuffs on the prisoner as he stood, gently lowering his left arm from his wife's neck.

Becker led her toward the front of the car while Becker was taken out the rear way. Back of the depot she was placed in a carriage and she and her party escaped the throngs who surrounded her husband.

FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH BIG CROWD.

Becker and his guard-Sheriff Harburger on one side and Deputy Carroll on the other—pushed their way to the lane leading to the hill on which the prison is located. At the end of the narrow street, 30 yards from the depot, are four flights of steps leading to a narrow staircase reaching to the upper roadway. Becker went up the incline hurriedly, fairly hauling the little Sheriff along. The handcuffs fixed to Carroll's wrist held Becker back. Once on the level road, Becker's step was firm and fast. He had gone only a few feet when a carriage drew up near the sidewalk, stopped momentarily, but was waved on by the Sheriff. In the carriage were Mrs. Becker, John Becker, Mrs. John Becker and Charley Shepherd, one of Becker's rascals. Becker smiled toward his wife. A handkerchief covered her face. The carriage drove rapidly to the main entrance of the building, where Becker came along in a few minutes, a great throng, passing and repassing in front of him, crowding the Sheriff and deputies off the sidewalk.

Becker was met at the prison door by Warden Kennedy, formerly a New York policeman and familiarly known as "Big John." There was no salutation. Mrs. Becker didn't see her husband enter. Becker was led down the flight of stone steps through four locked doors, which clanked ominously behind him.

PRISONER TAKEN TO OFFICE OF "P. K."

Still handcuffed, he entered the prison quadrangle, where a group of "short terms" were sweeping the yard. He was hurried to "P. K." Connaghton's office. Becker, with his unmanicured hand returned "P. K." salute.

"Well, goodby and good luck, Becker," said Sheriff Harburger.

"Thanks," replied Becker simply.

"I've tried to do my duty as gently as possible," added the Sheriff, as he clasped Becker's free hand.

"I know that, and hope some day I'll

have a chance to reciprocate," said Becker with a smile. The Sheriff then turned the death warrant over to keeper of the Guard Carroll, who read it and gave the Sheriff a receipt for the prisoner.

"He'll treat you all right, Charley," said one of the deputies, leaving and nodding toward Connaghton.

"I know that, old man," replied Becker.

"I'm sorry," began Keeper Connaghton, but Becker interrupted.

"No one is more sorry than I am, gentlemen," he said.

"Well, see that you are well taken care of," added the keeper. The guards waited while Becker from the Tombs then left and the condemned man was led to the bath room adjoining the death cell, where he was stripped of all his clothes and possessions. He went through the formality of the prison bath in silence. He was then garbed in a prison uniform and led back to the registry room, where his pedigree was taken.

MRS. BECKER BREAKS DOWN IN THE PRISON.

During these formalities Becker's wife and brother and the latter's wife remained in the Warden's office. Once inside the prison Mrs. Becker's splendid courage failed her and she broke into uncontrolled grief. Her sobs were heard outside the prison. Becker's brother, a fine specimen of physical manhood, was unable to restrain himself. His frame shook convulsively as he leaned over a chair and wept. The little group were left to themselves until the ex-Lieutenant, absolute master of himself, reappeared in the prison garb.

Here the rigors of the law caused a heartbreaking incident. Mrs. Becker, through a door saw her husband in prison garb. His back was turned.

"Charley, Charley," she shrieked.

"Oh, please let me see him," she pleaded.

The attendants quickly closed the door and John Becker, quieted the distraught wife. At no time until Becker is released from death row in Sing Sing prison will he ever be allowed to touch the brave little woman who has stood by him—not even to press the tip of his finger to her face.

Becker is now the eleventh person awaiting death in Sing Sing. The other ten are: Louis Spuler, John Roberts, Joseph Garbo, Mike Del Omo, James Corrigan, James Mulroney, J. Cardillo, W. Langley and F. W. Muehl. Mrs. Becker will remain at Ossining. She has not obtained a place. Ordinarily relatives of the condemned prisoners are not allowed to see prisoners more than once a week, but Mrs. Becker will visit the prison each day, bringing clothes and delicacies to her husband.

Wife Prays, Becker Unmoved As Sentence Is Passed

The convicted slayer was impassive during the reading of the death sentence by Justice Goff in extraordinary term of the Supreme Court. His wife was not in the room, but in the Sheriff's room upstairs. She was praying, with her head in the lap of Father Curry, as she heard the roar of the mob in the courtyard who vainly struggled with the police guard, lined up in three solid rows in front of the vestibule of the tribunal.

The sentencing of Becker occupied exactly eleven minutes and consisted only of a few firm forms of the law, the plea of the condemned man's counsel for a reversal of the verdict and a new trial, the Court's whispered denial and the formal reading of the sentence. BIG MOB CLAMORS AT DOORWAY OF COURT.

Justice Goff was in his place promptly at 10.30. As he came in the courtroom the building was fairly shaking with the din of the mob that surged in the rotunda without. The courtroom itself was packed and jammed, with more than one hundred men standing in a wavering crush at the outer railing that stretches midway across the room. So great was the press that the court attendants were unable to close the doors until the Court gave a sharp command for the election every person present who could not find a seat.

This order was not given until Clerk of the Court Penny had called out: "Charles Becker to the bar."

Nor were the dozen uniformed court officers able to carry out Justice Goff's order until Becker came striding in with four deputy sheriffs at his heels. He entered upon a shouting, plunging struggle, and the tumult continued for several minutes after he had taken his place at the rail to face the Judge and the formal words of the law condemning him to death.

The policeman's nerve was heroic. He came down the court room with a heavy, confident swing, his chest thrown out and his chin up. He was clad in a freshly pressed suit of blue serge and his face glowed and shone as if he had just come from under the hands of the barber. His eyes were as steady as steel discs as he looked about and bowed solemnly to his one counsel present—John W. Hart—and to James W. Osborne, who appeared to represent "Red Phil" Davidson at his arraignment after the sentencing.

District Attorney Whitman, his assistants, Frank Moss and Mr. Rubin, sat with their backs to the rail and did not turn their heads toward Becker once during the brief session. There was a moment's confusion between Justice Goff and Clerk Penny before Mr. Whitman arose.

WHITMAN MOVES THAT SENTENCE BE PASSED.

"I move," said the prosecutor, "that the Court pronounce sentence upon the defendant in accordance with the verdict."

There was a moment of silence, suddenly broken by the loud ringing voice of Clerk Penny as he faced the prisoner. "Charles Becker," asked the clerk, "have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court shall not be passed upon you?" Becker glanced back at Penny and moved his head nervously. His lips stirred for a moment and he swallowed several times until Attorney Hart got up and made his formal motions for a reversal of the verdict and the granting of a new trial. Except for a constant

futtering of his Adam's apple, Becker gave absolutely no sign while his attorney spoke.

JUSTICE GOFF PRONOUNCES SENTENCE.

He remained steady as iron and unwavering until the moment Justice Goff began reading the death sentence, and the Deputy Sheriffs on either side of him slipped the handcuffs on his wrists. As the locks of the shackles clicked his face suddenly flushed and he bit his lips. Justice Goff had sat with his head bowed, and the bench while opposing counsel spoke their briefs. His denial of Mr. Hart's motions was his scarcely audible whisper. His cheeks and forehead were so pink and his small blue eyes so bright that his white hair and beard glowed with peculiar brightness by contrast.

There was a hush throughout the court-room, and even the clangor in the street without seemed to die down as the Judge lifted his head from the big calf-bound book that lay open before him, looked squarely in the eyes of the man he was to sentence to death and then began reading. He started once, and then stopped at a sudden, annoying sound that smote the stillness. In this brief, thundering moment the color of the aged jurist's pink cheeks deepened, but his voice was his usual gentle, plaintive voice.

"Charles Becker," the judgment of the Court is that you, Charles Becker, for the murder in the first degree of one Herman Rosenthal, whereof you are convicted, be and hereby are sentenced to the punishment of death. It is ordered that within ten days after this day's session of the Court the Sheriff of the County of New York deliver you, together with the warrant of this Court, to the agent and warden of the State Prison of the State of New York at Sing Sing, where you shall be kept in solitary confinement until the week beginning Monday, the 9th day of December, 1912, and upon that day, within the week so appointed, the said agent and warden of the State Prison of the State of New York at Sing Sing be and he is commanded to do execution upon you, Charles Becker, in the mode and manner prescribed by the laws of the State of New York."

As the last word of the sentence fell from the Justice's lips Sheriff Julius Harburger signalled to his men to shackles the prisoner. Becker held his head high and did not look down at the manacles as they were being fastened on his wrists. A noisy rustle of shuffling feet and inarticulate exclamations followed the reading of the sentence. Clerk Penny and Sheriff Harburger whispered together for an instant and then the fussy and nervous little Sheriff gave the signal to take the condemned man out.

BECKER, IN SHACKLES, LEAVES THE RAIL.

Becker breathed a sigh of relief as he turned with his guards and strode away from the rail. While he was being led out there was another silence in the room in which the clank of the handcuffs rang loudly.

Sheriff Harburger explained before he followed his prisoner that he had offered to allow the condemned policeman to remain two days in the Tombs after the sentence. Becker had insisted on a ten days' respite before going to the death house, whereat Harburger had withdrawn his offer of two days and fixed the same hour of the sentence as the

time for making the journey to Sing Sing.

John F. McIntyre, Becker's chief counsel, was not present to hear the death sentence passed. Word was sent that Mr. McIntyre was ill at his home, No. 163 West Seventy-seventh street, and that Dr. Lehane of the Coroner's medical staff was in attendance upon him. The lawyer, it is said, has completely collapsed as a result of the reaction of the strain imposed upon him while conducting the defense.

Five or six hundred men and women were clamoring for admission to the tribunal when the doors were closed at 10.15 o'clock. Between three and four hundred had been allowed to enter, the majority of them members of a special panel of jurors summoned for the trial of "Red Phil" Davidson, slayer of "Jack" Zelig. Sixteen uniformed policemen of the Elizabeth street station, in charge of Capt. Tierney, were lined up at the door of the court room to give battle to the morbid crowds and keep the corridor clear.

BECKER IN THE COURTROOM AHEAD OF TIME.

Becker made what may be his last journey through the Bridge of Signs shortly before 9.30 o'clock. He was accompanied by two deputy sheriffs and walked along with them with his usual vigorous, upright bearing, his head up and his big shoulders thrown back. He was unable to restrain himself. He was leaving his cell and summoned all his nerve to brace him, as he knew his wife was waiting for him in the first mezzanine corridor of the Criminal Courts Building, just outside the Sheriff's room.

Mrs. Becker, white and drawn, her eyes bloodshot from sleeplessness and weeping, had been waiting in this mezzanine corridor which looks down upon the main rotunda of the building, on a flight above Justice Goff's courtroom, all an hour before her husband was brought over. She had come there with Lieut. John Becker, the condemned man's brother, and Father Curry of St. James's Church, and several relatives, among them a young girl, Father Curry was in earnest conference with her, patting her shoulder and urging her to bear up, when Becker suddenly emerged, unattended, from a doorway leading off from the Bridge of Signs.

BECKER EMBRACES AND COMFORTS HIS WIFE.

He wore a new blue suit and a black derby. He turned toward the plucky little woman, who turned suddenly from the priest, and caught her in his arms, kissing her and uttering words of comfort.

"Brace up, little woman," he said, "brace up—be brave. I'm strong; I'll face it out."

Then he released her and turned with a smile to Father Curry and shook the priest's hand in both of his own. Next he turned eagerly to his brother and shook his hand. John Becker tried to speak, but his voice broke and he had to turn away. The condemned man then gestured to three others in the little group and greeted them with nervous haste. His eyes upon the door of the Sheriff's room, which had opened to receive him. There had been no official jailers or keepers attendant upon this little meeting, but the deputy sheriffs had both eyes of the corridor covered, and it was only after a matter of seconds before the doors of the Sheriff's room opened and signaled for their prisoner to join them.

Becker returned to his wife's side, put his arm about her and led her into the room, followed by his kinsmen, relatives and friends. The husband and wife's reunion was brief and at the request of Becker, his relatives left him, save his wife, for a few minutes' talk. His counsel, John W. Hart, did not appear in the Sheriff's room until half an hour later.

MRS. BECKER AT PRAYER AS HUSBAND IS SENTENCED.

During the proceedings in Justice Goff's courtroom Mrs. Becker was in the Sheriff's room on the floor above, almost directly over the scene in which Becker was the chief figure. With Mrs. Becker were Father Curry of St. James's Church, John and Jackson York, the brothers of the convicted lieutenant, and Jackson Becker's wife and half a dozen personal friends of the family.

Becker went from the Sheriff's room to the court and back to his room. Before starting downstairs he embraced his wife. As soon as he had passed through the door Mrs. Becker dropped her head and wept. The priest and his wife knelt beside her. The priest and his wife prayed until the door opened again and Becker reappeared, having had sentence of death pronounced upon him.

Mrs. Becker sprang to her feet and rushed to her husband, who kissed her. Becker's brothers and his friends were in tears, but the iron nerve of the convicted policeman had not deserted him. After a few necessary matters of legal form had been attended to, Deputy Sheriffs Healy and O'Connor handcuffed the condemned man to the wall and started for the Bridge of Signs. They were followed by Sheriff Harburger.

SPEAKS TO FRIENDS IN CHEERFUL TONES.

In the corridor was a group of newspaper reporters acquainted with Becker from association with him during the trial. Becker's face broke into a smile as he saw them: "Hello, boys," he called, in a steady voice. "Hello and good-bye."

"This was Becker's farewell to the Criminal Courts Building—unless he should return later to stand a second trial. With the Deputy Sheriffs flanking him he walked rapidly over the Bridge of Signs to the Tombs. He heard the murmured voices of the crowd in the street below, but did not glance through the open windows of the passageway.

The visit of Becker to the Tombs was brief. Promptly at 11 o'clock the prison was left the gate and started for the Grand Central Station. Becker, handcuffed to Healy and O'Connor was in the train. Sheriff Harburger sat on the seat with the driver. Becker's brothers, his sister-in-law and their friends had gone to the Grand Central Station from the Criminal Courts Building. When the train reached the bath house in Sing Sing pulled out of the station they were aboard.

As Mrs. Becker was leaving the Criminal Courts Building she was told: "I want to say that sentence was pronounced on an innocent man. My husband is innocent, and the whole trial and conviction was a frame-up on the part of the gamblers. He was unfairly tried, and the charge of Justice Goff was not the charge of a fair Judge, but was a summing up for the prosecution. My husband has not lost heart."

GHOST HAUNTED, SEERESS IN WANT TRIES TO END LIFE

Janitor Breaks in Door in Time to Prevent Leap from Window.

A BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

Said to Have Earned \$500 a Week by Her Mystic Teachings.

The light of a waning moon last night shone into a dark, little room in the rear of No. 64 West Thirty-sixth street and struck a few highlights. In one corner was a sphere of crystal, such as mystics of old and dupes of later times have gazed at with straining eyes to catch a glimpse of what the fates had in store. Along the walls were what looked to be human faces of ghastly countenance. On the floor at the foot of the room a woman crouched, a woman, and from her lips there poured an incoherent torrent of mumbling and muttering, which now and again rose to pleading with some invisible agency until with a frenzied shriek she would subside into a whimper.

The woman was Jeanne de Letolle, fifty-five years old. Up to two years ago she had been making an astonishing income, said to be as much as five hundred dollars a week, at what she described as the science of bringing physical beauty to women's faces through the medium of building up spiritual and mental health and beauty and harmony within their souls. She called herself a mental science healer, others spoke of her as a beauty specialist.

BELIEVE! AND THESE THINGS SHALL BE, SHE SAID.

"The soul is beauty—harmony, sweetness—peace!" she would repeat strenuously to those who came for treatment to her. "Believe, believe, and these things will be—shall be! The inward beauty and peace will shine through your face and make it reflect the harmony and peace of the soul. There is no horror in the soul."

But in her own disordered mind last night there raved a legion of torturing images that drove out of her lips the mumblings and the mutterings, the pleadings and the shrieks that at first roused, then frightened her neighbor in an adjoining room and the janitor of the house.

JANITOR BREAKS IN DOOR JUST IN TIME.

Just then with a crash the door flew open before the assault upon it by Patrick Donnelly, the janitor. He pressed the door open, and the woman dashed with light and showed him the wild haired woman on the floor crawling toward the window. He caught hold of her gown and held her fast.

The janitor's wife called Policeman Hale of the West Thirtieth street police station, who in turn called up Dr. Keith of the New York Hospital. The doctor advised her removal to the insane ward of Bellevue Hospital, where she is now under observation in the psychiatric ward.

Maney Gilman, a lawyer of No. 129 West Thirty-fourth street, whom the patient named as her closest friend, said to an Evening World reporter that his acquaintance with Jeanne de Letolle was of a professional nature, arising from some legal and business advice for which she had applied to him in the last two years. It seems that she sold out her New York clientele temporarily to a woman who called herself Mrs. Helena and who went to Atlantic City to open another branch. Business was poor there and she came back to the city to find that, as she said, Mrs. Helena had defrauded her of certain things that were due her. Reduced to her last cent, the unsettled condition of mind ensued that culminated in the outbreak of last night.

Another Aviator Killed.

MUNICH, Bavaria, Oct. 30.—A military aviator belonging to the Bavarian army named Lieut. Moritz Hamburger, was killed early to-day on the aviation field at Oberwiesenthal. His death lengthens the long list of fatalities among army airmen of various countries.

Lieut. Hamburger, who had only recently been assigned to the aerial corps, was making a flight round the aerodrome in his biplane when it suddenly collapsed and fell from a height of over two hundred feet. The aviator was dead when picked up and his machine was shattered. The cause of the accident is not known.

Yes, imitation is a compliment, that's some satisfaction.

White Rose
CEYLON TEA

White Rose Coffee, Only 35c. a Pound

MOTHER WHOSE SIX CHILDREN ARE DYING FOR HER RETURN HOME.



MRS. GRACE CAMPBELL.

Grace Campbell, forty-two years old, disappeared from her home at No. 66 Fort Greene place, Brooklyn, on Saturday, Sept. 23, and has been missing since. She had showed evidence of being slightly unsettled in her mind. Only the evening before she disappeared she had wandered away and was found by the police several hours later along the Flatbush extension. On another occasion, two years ago, in Boston, she wandered away and was missing for fifteen days, when her husband found her lodging with a woman in the same block.

Her husband, Charles Campbell, a barber, and her six children believe that she may have taken lodging somewhere, as she had \$30 in her pocket when she left. Because she had wandered away the night before her husband took the precaution of locking up her street clothing. She got together, however, a costume consisting of a white waist, a white skirt and white buckskin shoes. Bareheaded and with a long black and white checked necktie over her hair, she was seen in the City Park, Brooklyn, a day or two later by an acquaintance. All the members of the family live on the best terms with each other and have no enemies. Mrs. Campbell wore her hair, which was gray, pompadour fashion, and has blue eyes and a smiling expression.

TRIAL OF GUNMEN SET FOR NOV. 8.

Before Justice Goff in Extraordinary Term District Attorney Whitman to-day moved that the trial for the murder of Rosenthal of Frank Mueller ("Whitey Jack Lewis"), Louis Rosenberg ("Lefty Louie"), Harry Horowitz ("Gyp the Blood") and Frank Crocif ("Dago Frank") be set for Friday, Nov. 8.

Though Whitman has not yet definitely decided which of the four gunmen accused of being the direct murderers of Herman Rosenthal he will put on trial first, there is every reason to believe that Whitey Jack Lewis will be the first to make the fight for his life. This because every witness for the State who has been called to identify the gunmen has picked Lewis, however they may have disagreed in identifying or falling to identify the other three.

With the complete confession of Shapiro, the chauffeur of the gray "murder car" in his possession, the District Attorney feels that he will not have to rely so strongly on the testimony of other identifiers.

KING OF SPAIN SICK; HAS INFLUENZA ATTACK.

Spanish Monarch Is Confined to His Bed at the Royal Palace in Madrid.

MADRID, Oct. 30.—King Alfonso of Spain is confined to bed, suffering from an attack of influenza.

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EX-LAX

The Sweet Chocolate Laxative

Delicious—Effective—Harmless

Good For Young and Old

Ex-Lax is good to the taste, good for the blood, good for stomach and bowels; it clears and invigorates the system.

Try a 10c box to-day. At all Druggists

CANNY

Special for Wednesday, 30th ASSORTED FRENCH CREAM WAFFLES, 10c POUND BOX

Wednesday's Offering ASSORTED HARD CANDY, 40c value elsewhere, 25c POUND BOX

Special for Thursday, 31st ASSORTED FRUIT TABLETS, 10c POUND BOX

Thursday's Offering ITALIAN STYLE CREAM CHOCOLATES, 50c value elsewhere, 30c POUND BOX

Park Row and Cullman street stores open every evening until 11 o'clock. All our stores open Saturday morning until 11 o'clock.

Milk Chocolate Covered Chips

Whites and dainty chips, crackly and tasty, covered liberally by a thick coating of our Premium Milk Chocolate.

39c

The specified weight in each instance includes the container.

SIX NUNS KILLED SAVING CHILDREN AT ASYLUM FIRE

(Continued from First Page.)

In age from two to twelve years, and nine nuns were in the building when the flames broke out. Marshalling their charges to hurry them to safety, the Sisters of Charity remained in the blazing orphanage until the building began to crumble and fall.

The death of the Mother Superior, Mary of the Cross, was the sequel to a demonstration of remarkable courage. She returned to the burning dormitory when she heard the cry of a child who had been overlooked in the hurry and excitement. A few moments later she appeared at a window in the front of the building with a babe in her arms.

Fire Chief Wright attempted to save her, but he failed. A ladder was placed against the unsightly wall and the chief scaled it but before he reached her, the mother Superior, with the child, fell back into the flames.

The nuns who escaped helped in taking the children from the blazing structure. They were marching them across the yard when the walls began to fall.

Sister Kostka, in jumping from the fourth floor window to reach a life net, evidently lost her balance. Her body struck the railing and the second story. Her back was broken and she had been severely burned.

Sister Monica Montes lost her life by jumping. After the frightened children had been piloted to the fire escape on the west side of the blazing building she returned to take a last look in the dormitory. Her escape was cut off by a burst of flames, but she made her way to the east side where flames stood below with the net spread. She leaped, but missed the net. Death was instantaneous.

Mother Francis Pasteur and Sisters Peter Claver Stevin and Leocadia Nolan were unable to escape from the building. They perished in the flames.

BISHOP HELPED IN RESCUE OF CHILDREN.

Right Rev. Bishop J. W. Shaw was one of the first to go into the burning building. He carried out several children, some of whom were mere babies.

Rev. Father Hume, the Chancellor, and Father Duffy, chaplain, risked their lives to help in the rescue work. Repeatedly they rushed into the building to return with some child groping helplessly about in the smoke. Attached to the orphanage hospital also helped in the rescue work.

When the Fire Chief and the first apparatus reached the orphanage the fire had spread throughout the entire structure. The roof had crumbled and the ashes in the walls opened draughts that fanned the fire into tremendous fury. The heat was intense.

The dead nuns belonged to the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word.

BUDGET FINALLY FIXED.

No Salary Increases and Tax Rate Will Be the Same.

At an executive session of the members of the Board of Estimate, held in the Mayor's office to-day, the figures for the final budget for the city for 1913 were fixed at \$189,000,000. The tentative budget amounted to \$193,000,000. This sum was reduced by cutting \$4,000,000 from the total of the Board of Education estimate and eliminating all salary increases except those which are mandatory.

The firemen and policemen of the lower grades also suffered their requests for increases being denied. The budget as now fixed does not exceed this year's budget, so that there will be little if any appreciable change in the tax rate.

Mariborough Improving.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—The Duke of Marlborough, who was operated on for appendicitis, is progressing favorably.

MRS. GREEN DANCES ON CORNER IN SAILOR'S TOGS AS 10,000 CHEER

Police Put End to Novel Show

Just as It Got Most Interesting.

After shoe-horning herself into a pair of sailor's trousers—which at her like a porous plaster around the hips—Mrs. Jack Green of No. 230 East Fifty-ninth street, donned the jacket that went with the costume, put on a sailor's hat, carrying the inscription "H. M. 6. Terrible," and sailed forth to entertain the populace this afternoon. It is the unanimous opinion of about 10,000 residents of our fair city that Mrs. Green is some entertainer.

She had made her way to the corner of Fifty-fifth street and Third avenue and was dancing the Highland Fling with the clamorous approval of several thousand male citizens and school children when Detectives DeLoach and Reagan of the East Fifty-first street precinct happened along. They were properly shocked and placed the exuberant sailorman under arrest.

Many stores along Third avenue were closed, while proprietors and clerks followed the detectives and their captive to the station house. Mrs. Green, after lighting a cigarette in the provid manner of a sailor as to striking a match, said she saw no harm in walking around in a sailor's costume, if she so desired. A messenger was sent to her home for some wearing apparel suitable to her sex and she was put in a cell to await the opening of the next court.

Mrs. Green is thirty-eight years old and generously proportioned.

POS-LAM CURES WORST CASES OF ECZEMA

To have suffered the tortures of eczema, acne, itch, etc. for years, and to suddenly find that the trouble has disappeared after a short treatment with Poslam, is to experience satisfaction difficult to express. This is the story told daily from all parts of the country of the actual accomplishments of Poslam, the perfect skin remedy. All skin diseases, including eczema, acne, tetter, salt rheum, itch, etc., are quickly eradicated by Poslam. Itching is stopped at once. Common troubles, such as pimples, red noses, rashes, etc., respond so readily that over-night treatment is often sufficient.

POS-LAM SOAP, used daily for toilet and bath, makes every cleansing operation a double means of healthfulness to the skin. Incomparable in its benefits to tender skin, particularly to infants. All druggists sell Poslam (price 50 cents) and Poslam Soap (price 25 cents). For free samples visit to the Emergency Laboratories, 88 West 25th Street, New York City.

The Home Doctor

Remedy for Coughs and Colds. One and one-half ounces Balm of Gilead buds, one pound bruised rock candy, one pint Duffy's pure malt whiskey. (We recommend Duffy's on account of its purity and known medicinal value.) Put aside with occasional stirring until the rock candy is dissolved, then strain. Dose: For adults, one tablespoonful every hour; if the condition is acute, every half hour; for children over ten, a teaspoonful every hour; for children under ten, ten drops every hour until